King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne,
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.
Kin. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we sleep? *Exit Buc.*
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my lord.
King. *Stanley* he is your wiues sonnes. Wel looke to it.
Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King. *Stanley* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What saies your highnesse to my iust demand?
King. As I remember, Henrie the sixt
Did prophecie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.
Kin. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And

And called it Rugemount, at whi
Because a Bard of Ireland tolde m
I should not liue long after I saw
Buc. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put you
Of what you promisd me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.
King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a Iacke t
Bet sixt thy begging and my med
I am not in the giuing vaine to da
Buc. Why then resolue me wh
Ki. Tut, tut, thou troublest me,
Buck. Is it euen so, rewards he r
With such deepe contempt, made
O let me thinke on Hastings, and
To Brecnock while my fearefull
Enter Sir Francis Tir
Tir. The tyrannous and bloud
The most arch-act of pitteous ma
That euer yet this land was guilti
Dighton and Forrest whom I die
To do this ruthlesse peece of bu
Although they were flesht villai
Melting with tenderneſſe and ki
Wept like two children in their d
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie tho
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling
Within their innocent alablaſte
Their lips foure red Roses on a s
Which in their summer beautie
A booke of praiers on their pillo
Which once quoth Forrest almo
But ô the diuel: their the villain
Whilest Dighton thus told on